

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT, - - - EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1884.

National Democratic Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
Of New York.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
THOS. A. HENDRICKS,
Of Indiana.

A Glimpse at What May Be.

The Electoral College for 1884 will consist of 401 votes, and the number necessary for a choice is 201. The States of acknowledged Democratic tendencies are Alabama, 10; Arkansas, 7; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Georgia, 12; Maryland, 8; Mississippi, 9; Missouri, 10; New Jersey, 9; New York, 36; North Carolina, 11; South Carolina, 12; Texas, 13; Virginia, 12; West Virginia, 6; Indiana, 15; Louisiana, 8; Kentucky, 13. Total, 213.

The States of acknowledged Republican tendencies are Colorado, 3; Illinois, 22; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 9; Maine, 6; Massachusetts, 14; Minnesota, 7; Ohio, 23; Oregon, 3; Nebraska, 5; Pennsylvania, 30; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 4. Total, 143.

The doubtful States are California, 8; Connecticut, 6; Michigan, 13; Nevada, 3; New Hampshire, 4; Wisconsin, 11. Total, 45.

Regarding the doubtful States as solidly Republican, Blaine's vote cannot exceed 188 votes in the Electoral College. But, assuming that Indiana goes Republican, then the vote will stand, Blaine 203, Cleveland 198. In 1880 Nevada cast her three votes for Hancock, and should the State give a Democratic vote next Tuesday the vote will stand, Cleveland 201, Blaine 200. Any of the doubtful States voting for Cleveland elects him without the aid of Indiana. To be elected Blaine must carry the pronounced Republican States, every doubtful State, and Indiana.

St. John will get such a Republican vote in Kansas as in all probability will give the State to Cleveland. Butler may divide the vote in Massachusetts, and in such an event, it is by no means improbable that the State may go Democratic.

Regarding the result from any standpoint, the indications are that the Democratic nominees will receive the endorsement of the people.

As to New York and New Jersey, there is not even the shadow of a doubt of their going Democratic. Cleveland was as fully the choice of New Jersey as of New York in the nominating convention. New York and Brooklyn are unanimous for him. John Kelly has staked his honor on the loyalty of Tammany. The Independents pledge 40,000 votes for the Democrats.

This is our last issue before the Presidential election.

Lafayette's majority over Clay in the primary election in the 2nd District, is 188.

Hox, WM. DANIEL, candidate for Vice President on the Prohibition ticket, visited the Louisville, Southern Exposition last week.

The ratification of the nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks by Tammany Hall, in New York, last week, was the largest and grandest ever held in that city. It is estimated that 50,000 people participated in the parade, and that over 100,000 spectators were present to witness the occasion. This demonstration on the part Tammany insures that great State for Cleveland and Hendricks.

This is our last issue before the Presidential election, which occurs Tuesday, November the 4th. Ere the HERALD greets you again the American people will have cast their right of suffrage for the candidate of their choice, a President will be elected, a chief magistrate will be chosen to rule this vast country for the next four years. This is a high prerogative the American citizen enjoys, that of casting his vote for the highest office in the gift of the people. The next thought presents itself for whom, or what character of a man should he vote. Should he be a man of brains, a man of firmness, a man of honesty, a man of economy, a man of ability, a man who cannot be bought or sold for money or private gain? If so, we ask you to turn out and vote for Grover Cleveland of New York.

Republican Hypocrisy.

The Republican platform contains this resolution:

"Resolved, That the soldiers and sailors are the wards of the nation, and should be properly cared for."

Yet in the Republican State convention of Indiana, W. H. Calkins, a wealthy and able-bodied man, defeated W. W. Dudley, a one-legged Union soldier, for the nomination of Governor. In the same conven-

tion, Bruce Carr, an able-bodied and wealthy man, defeated Roswell S. Hill, a one-legged Union soldier for the nomination of Auditor of State. In this same convention, Roger H. Shiel, an able-bodied and wealthy man, defeated John N. Runyan, a one-legged Union soldier, for the nomination of Treasurer of State.

These are facts the Republican party cannot deny. What obligations are the Union soldiers under to this hypocritical party? We say none.

VICTORY AHEAD.

Stating the October Elections—The Republicans on the Run—(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

No Democrat who has read this *Courier-Journal* will be disappointed by the returns from Ohio. As we pointed out long ago, nothing short of a revolution or a miracle could lose the State to the Republicans. With the result we are well contented. It leaves the campaign where it found it, and gives the Democracy all the advantages for the home stretch.

Ohio was inseparable to the Republican. It is not a Republican State is Republican. To have lost it would have been fatal to the Republicans. It would have knocked the bottom out of the Blaine tail. The Republican managers realized this from the start, and they provided to make an assurance doubly sure.

The resources within the reach of the Blaine national committee were put in requisition and strained to the utmost. All the influence and power of the Government were called upon to get in the field. Blaine and Logan repaired to the scene of action and gave themselves up to an orgy of excitement and corruption.

The commission of pensions, with an army of detectives, in the persons of special examiners, was there to coax, buy and browbeat the soldier vote. Thousands of negroes were imported from Kentucky.

The ready revolver was around, in portions of the State, a reign of terror prevailed, and when bullying would not suffice, money flowed as free as water. Garfield carried the vote by 35,000. Blaine has carried by less than 20,000. It is to him an even defeat.

In West Virginia the Democrats do not decrease the majority, as the Republicans do their majority in Ohio, but they increase it. In spite of Blaine's speeches and Elkins and his gang, sweep the State. Three weeks before the election the Democrats can not make their forces on a single State. They will have to stretch out all along the line. They will have to fight for Massachusetts and Iowa. Michigan is a doubtful State. Illinois is a doubtful State. Kansas and Nebraska are doubtful States, whilst the odds are with the Democrats in Wisconsin.

On the whole, we regard the outlook, by the light of the returns we publish this morning, as most auspicious for a national Democratic victory three weeks hence.

Now for New York.

What can they do? The Republicans do it. New York, in New Jersey, in Connecticut, in Indiana. In this State they must vote that will work for Garfield in 1880. They will not get within 40,000 of that number. The issue is now open and clear. It is between Blaine and Cleveland, between a dishonest and an honest candidate. Blaine will lose in three distinct directions—the independent Republicans, the disaffected State party, and the 82,000 temperance men. Of the first alone there are enough to defeat him. Twelve thousand would do it, and there are that number below the line of Westchester county. With only 200 votes to a county in the remaining counties, there would be some 37,000 more, and 500 is a very low average. Erie, Genesee, Chautauque alone would furnish more than four times that average.

Republican Building.

A newspaper correspondent who recently visited Ohio says that he saw plaudits in shops and factories announcing that Blaine had been elected in November. "This thing will be closed." If this sort of thing were practiced upon the poor, ignorant negroes of the South it would be called "building."

An Inspiring Spectacle.

Since the Democratic National convention appealed a few days ago to the people to send subscriptions to a legitimate election fund it has received over \$20,000, all in small sums, and in nearly all cases accompanied by letters, which show that the contributors are hard working, conscientious men. The result is a most significant and satisfactory one. It shows that the Democratic masses are still loyal to their convictions. After being defeated and defeated for twenty old years, and now when there is an opportunity to get at the administration of the government, they are found still willing to contribute of their hard-earned wages to carry on the work of purification. On the one side money and capital are pouring out their millions like water to stay the popular tide; on the other the people, who can ill-afford it, are proving their unshaken loyalty to Democratic principles by assisting them selves in behalf of the struggle against fraud and dishonesty. The spectacle is an inspiring one.

Can't Spread Over All.

If it required the personal presence of Blaine in Ohio for two weeks, a full army of Federal office holders and hundreds of thousands of dollars to carry out the full majority out of the State, what is to become of Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, not to speak of New York, Indiana and Connecticut?

A Visit to the Quaint, Old Town of Hartford.

(Louisville Times.)

I have often wished to visit the quaint, old town of Hartford, and have at last had that pleasure. I have often heard that those who visit it never quite get their consent to leave, and when they do it is with a desire to return and I must say that the place has a magnetic attraction. Shakespeare, in all his wonderfully beautiful descriptions, has not pictured a place more romantic than Hartford. Even San Antonio, Tex., with its halo of patriotic glory, its Alamo, with architectural quaintness that never fails to attract the attention of strangers; its walls, more than three feet in thickness; its massive doors and inner walls and stone stair-ways on either side the Confessional, where the sainted patriots beat the suppliant knee when beset by dangers on all sides, and where they withstood so long the storming of the Mexicans for years, and is still standing as a monument to mark the spot where the brave Davie Crockett, Travis, Bowie and others fell, and what now remains to tell of their desperate encounter is the blood and brain stained walls of the Alamo. Yet with all this, Hartford is surrounded with a halo of patriotic glory even more thrilling in detail. It is built upon the site where the old fort was, and its corporate limits within the walls where the fathers of our grand old State from Boone down, not only withstood

the attack of Indians and the wild beasts of the dense forest, but suffered continuous hardships and privations for the possession of this vast hunting ground.

When I visited Hartford the Fair was going on through the day and Ford's theatre at night, and I felt as though I was entering a walled city with its draw-bridges replaced and the gates thrown open for a festive occasion. Ford's band was playing and it looked as though everybody was there. Not only that the neighborhoods had gathered together, but many towns and cities were represented, and as this is one of the annual events, the citizens, dressed in their holiday garb, enter with zest into the pleasures of the week, and make it one of feasting, recreation and rest, and all seen contented, happy, mirthful and joyous.

When I reached the comfortable hotel I could hear plainly through the din of noise, the bustle of conveyances and the hum of voices from the moving throng, the busy, energetic puffing of an engine, and after a few directions I was in the sanctum and presence of Col. John P. Barrett, editor of the *Herald*. Ah! that brilliant little sheet and its staunch proprietor struck the key note for a stranger to the refinement and literary tastes of its citizens. A well-supported county paper is not only a chapter within itself, but speaks volumes in behalf of its people. Col. Barrett is a man of ability and untiring energy, an able and earnest editor and young man whom his county should be justly proud of, having commenced the publication of his paper under such unfavorable auspices and having brought it to the front ranks in journalism. He has one of the very best county offices in the State, modern and complete in everything, from a Campbell power press, run by a Shipman engine, job press, paper cutter, and everything, including a register. If Hartford had twenty such men, as full of energy, enterprise, progress and improvement, it would suddenly be transformed into a thriving little city.

I now bid adieu to dear old Hartford by retaining in my memory many pleasant recollections of a week spent that will be recalled by the mere mention of the place, and I also tip my hat to the most beautiful and cultured of Kentucky's fair daughters, also its elegant and courteous gentlemen.

Visitors.

Centertown Notes.

October 27th, 1884.

News items scarce as hen's teeth. Some sickness in and about the burg. A little child of John Morris died one day last week.

Mr. Jake Eversley has two cases of scarlet fever in his family; they are getting some better.

Med. son of Alfred Ashby, who has been quite sick three weeks, is now improving.

The festival given by the ladies of the Methodist church here on Saturday night was quite a success. There was a good turnout of the people, good order prevailed and Misses Stoddard and Drake, from near Rochester, dispensed good music, and thing went off pleasantly generally.

Rev. Hiram Brown filled Rev. Casler's appointment at Walton's creek yesterday. Mr. Brown preaches well for one so young in years.

Our esteemed friend and neighbor, James Eudaley, has commenced moving to his new home on the river below Cervato. We are loth to lose him, for in him we lose one of our very best neighbors and citizens.

S. T. Brown's splendid new house is nearing completion. Bone Bros are erecting a residence on their lot opposite John Leisner's.

Warren Igleheart has sold the mill here to John Hill. In a few days after Mr. Hill became sole owner and proprietor, the boiler burst, and it is idle now, and just how long it will remain so no one can tell.

Messrs. Briggs & Stroud have a large amount of sawing on hand yet at their stand in the Point neighborhood before they can go to their big contract on the O. & N. R. R.

The frost on Friday morning last came a little too previous for some of our farmers, some of whom were not done making sorghum, and who had cut their cane. Tobacco was about all housed.

A few more good frosts will start farmers to gather corn.

Wheat sowing is about through with. Mrs. Mary Ashby who spent the summer with friends and relatives in and about Booneville, Ind., returned a week ago. She reports a pleasant time while there.

Mrs. R. P. Rowe, after spending a week with her father and mother-in-law, returned to Hartford yesterday. Mrs. F. E. Kimbley and little daughter, Daisy, of Hartford, came out Saturday and returned Sunday.

Messrs. Geo. Shultz and — Brown, Misses Stoddard and Drake, of near Rochester, were the guests of the family of Esq. W. L. Rowe, Saturday and Sunday; and many others whose names I failed to learn, were here and took in the church supper.

Miss Drury Eades and little brother from near Central City, paid their uncle, B. N. Stroud, a visit the last of the week.

Born, to the wife of Johnson Hefflin, on the 26th inst., a son.

Esq. W. L. Rowe raised the biggest sweet potato crop in this vicinity. He had ninety bushels.

Business Men's Boon.

If imposing political demonstrations are any indications of the drift of public sentiment, of New York City is today overwhelmingly Democratic. If the Republicans have thought all along that the business interest of the country were upon their side alone they would have had good reason to change their opinions had they been in New York City this afternoon. It is true that a large turnout of the business friends of Cleveland and Hendricks was expected, but

no one dreamed that the demonstration would be so great in magnitude, so imposing in display and so genuine in enthusiasm. It was an overwhelming surprise to the Blainettes, and absolutely astonishing to the Democrats themselves. It was a raw, cold day, but it did not deter the business men from turning out. They began to assemble at their respective headquarters down town as early as 2 o'clock, and an hour and a half later the head of the column moved up town. The line of the march was Broadway to Twenty-fifth street, about four miles. At the head of the column, on Madison Square, opposite the Hoffman House, a stand was erected for the members of the National and State committees, mayor Edison and distinguished guests and citizens. From this stand they reviewed the procession as it passed by.

I commanded a full view of it and an assemblage of at least 20,000 enthusiastic persons, from a window in the Hoffman House. The people had taken entire possession of the streets and pavements. The street cars were blocked for a square, and not a vehicle was moving on one of the most busy and crowded thoroughfares of the city. A platoon of mounted police headed the line. Following them was Gen. Woodard, the Grand Marshal, and his aides, with the President and Vice Presidents of the Produce and Maritime Merchants Club, and the members of this organization numbering 1,500 men, and headed by the full band and drum corps of the Seventh regiment. Then came the Grand Boatmen's club 1,000 strong. The Stock Exchange club, 2,000 in line, with three bands of music, came next. Then the following clubs came in the order and strength named:

Columbia College Cleveland and Hendricks Club, 500.
New York Petroleum Exchange Club, 1,000.
The Distillers and Wine and Spirits Exchange Club, 600.
The New York Mining and National Petroleum Exchange Club, 750.
The Cotton Exchange Club, 500.
The Coffee Exchange Club, 1,000.
The Downtown Merchants Club, 1,000.
The Stevedores and Longshoremen Club, 500.
The Insurance Men's Club, 1,000.
The Jewelers Club, 600.
The Leather Tobacco Club, 500.
The Mechanics and Traders' Building Exchange Club, 500.
The Hardware Trade Club, 500.
The Leather Merchants' Club, 600.
The West Side Merchants' Club, 1,000.
The Drygoods Merchants' Organization, 3,500.
The grand total in line was 13,450. The men marched twice abreast, and presented a fine appearance. Every man in the ranks was a voter, and in the procession were men of the wealthiest men in New York. It was no reasonable that all were well-dressed, and the majority of them wore silk pug hats and carried canes. Upon hundreds of these canes were burning letters and as they marched they kept time and shout ed: "One, two, three. Burn, burn, burn. This letter."

The great procession was over two hours in passing in review at the grand stand, and as company after company filed by the greatest enthusiasm was manifested, the cheering being repeated and vociferous. It was asserted by the members of the State Committee that no such parade of solid business men was ever seen in New York before, and that fully one third of the men in the procession have heretofore voted the Republican ticket. It is admitted by leading Republicans here to-night that the demonstration surprised them. As for the Democrats, they are delighted with the grand success of the turnout and swear that they believe Cleveland will carry New York City and Brooklyn by 75,000 over Blaine.

Two Dangerous Seasons.

Spring and fall are times when so many people get sick. The changes in the weather are severe on feeble persons, and even those naturally strong are apt, as they say, "to be feeling miserable." They are just in condition to be struck down with some kind of fever. A bottle of one of Parker's Tonic will invigorate the digestion, put the liver, kidneys and blood in perfect order, and prevent more serious attacks. Why suffer, and perhaps die, when so simple a medicine will save you? Good for both sexes and all ages. 41 ct.

For the Herald.

COMPANY F. ON A SCOUT.

Organization—Camp Wise—False Alarm—The Return March.

Early in the fall of 1861, Col. John H. McHenry, of Owensboro, Ky., established camp in the Fair Grounds at Hartford, and commenced recruiting for the regiment, which he was commissioned to raise for the Union army. The rendezvous was called Camp Callaway, for the veteran pioneer, who died in Ohio county—Companies A and B under Capt. Preston Norton and Will Davidson were filled and Henry Barnett with the writer and John Ferguson commenced recruiting for a company early in October.

Capt. Barnett was a native of Hartford, son of Joseph Barnett, for many years surveyor of the county. He was tall and slender with a face which denoted courage as well as honesty. He had been reared in the country and was insured to such exposure to weather as half seasoned him for soldierly duties.

Lieut. Ferguson also looked the picture of health and just like campaigning would develop latent strength enough for any emergency of a soldier's life.

On the other hand I was very young and small for my age—a mere stripling. I shall never forget some of the predictions of the recruits who joined our company. Big Henry Shaver thought he would have to carry me to the

march. Others thought I would stand it about a month. But how slighted were they. Capt. Barnett died from exposure in a few months while Ferguson was soon discharged and died of disease. On the other hand I went through the whole war and was mustered out about the close somewhat heavier than at the beginning. But I am getting ahead of what I started out to relate.

A SCOUT FOR RECRUITS IN GRAYSON.

We had thirty or forty men to join our company at once, and to these were added the overplus from A and B. Of course we didn't think much of this influx from the other companies, but, as I shall call no names, no harm will be done. It was numbers we were after then to fill the companies so that the regimental organization could be perfected. I may add that some of these odds and ends proved to be the best soldiers in the world.

About the middle of October our Company, "F," was ordered to Grayson county for the purpose of letting recruits to complete its rolls as well as to observe the threatened approach of the enemy from the direction of Bowling Green, which was then occupied by Buckner. We were also to top the passage of men and munitions from the river counties to the Confederates. A few men were detailed to accompany us. We numbered, as well as I can remember, seventy to eighty men in line with Capt. Barnett in command. We were provided with tents and other camp equipage besides a few standards of arms extra for the new recruits. After a pleasant, but footsore march of about twenty miles we pitched our tent in an old field at Wise's Cross Roads, in the western part of Grayson. The farmers around were strong Unionists and gave us a hearty welcome. As few of the people in that section had never seen a uniformed company, our brass buttons quite captivated them. Our drilling was particularly interesting to them and the little camp was visited by hundreds of men, women and children every day. Soon after we got there Capt. Barnett was called home and I, as second in rank, assumed command. The weather was splendid and our visitors brought us everything nice for the table. Our daily routine was guard and picket duty and drilling. The young ladies took great interest in it and a few company maneuvers we had learned, and one day formed a company of themselves and asked me to put them through some of the military movements. My own knowledge of tactics was gained from a summer's experience in the Kentucky State Guard. Putting a heavy musket in the hands of each, I first explained the manual of arms and afterwards tried some squad movements, which they quickly learned. This was the first female company drilled in the State, but perhaps had more of them been organized and given the privilege of defending their homes it would have prevented many robberies and murders, which took place during the long war.

But the time was not all to pass in this way. After a "grim cleared war" wrinkle his front even Camp Wise. Our home guard scouts brought word that two hundred Confederate Cavalry were advancing to attack us. They were but a few miles from us over Green River, and had announced that they would cross and take our camp at night. As the moon was at its full and shone brightly all night, I thought this very probable and at once made dispositions for defense. Calling the men into line, each musket was charged with buck and ball and instructions given. My plan was to form at the first alarm and march a few rods to the edge of a large forest, which was so dense with underbrush and greenbriers that no Cavalry could enter it. Here from behind trees and logs we could command the open space in front and retreat if attacked by overwhelming numbers. A mounted home-guard picket of two men was placed on the road a mile from camp and our own pickets near the camp. After tattoo, the company was allowed to sleep on their arms. I must confess to having passed the night without sleep. Nothing happened to distress us until nearly daylight, when five shots were fired in irregular order in the direction, as I thought, of my outer videttes. Supposing they were attacked and the enemy were coming strong enough, I went to arouse the men. I touched the first man gently and called him to get into line. He at once seized his musket, threw back the tent flap and fired into the air. The second was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

The morning dawned and no enemy came. This explained why the bloody battle of Wise's Cross Roads does not figure in history. We never found out who did that firing, which was heard by all who were awake, but one thing was about to do likewise and the third also, but I restrained them and restored quiet. Our line was quickly formed and stood awaiting the return of our mounted pickets or the firing of the infantry guards. As we stood in that bright moonlight I confess to a little shakiness of the knees, but then it was October and rather cool like.

lost shots on the Federal side at the close of the battle, and that too, far in advance of one general battle line. The troops of some of its heroes lie resting where the battle was fiercest and many others yet limp from their wounds. Most of the warriors live in Ohio and Grayson counties. If some of them in reading this are reminded